

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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## OLD NICK:

## A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

THE man who can be angry at his clothes being a little spoilt, and think of revenge on that account, cannot be expected to have a mind capable of conceiving any mode of revenge so astonishing as to reach the ears of posterity. It would, indeed, have stood no such chance, unless I insured its immortality by recording it.

Long did he ponder on the subject of revenge, but could find no means to compass it, until, casting his eyes downwards, he perceived that the Quaker had on a pair of milk-white stockings. His great revenge was now, he thought, within his grasp! His shoes, by standing in the road, were covered with mud, and he quickly began to perpetrate the deed. At every jolt of the carriage he pretended to be thrown backward, and kicking up his legs, with his heels embraced the quaker's stockings. The Quaker bore it patiently for some time, but it was repeated so often, that at last he reached across, and, waking the father, he said to him:

"Friend, I would thank thee to speak to thy son, who soileth my stockings: for though he seemeth to do it by accident, I verily believe he doeth it on purpose."

"Shame, Bob, shame," cried the old man, "I hope not."

"Friend," said the Quaker, turning to Barclay, "wilt thou speak? What dost thou think?"

Bob winked at Barclay, who wishing to encourage him, that he might at least get chastised, replied, "Indeed, sir, I have not narrowly observed what has passed, but I must incline to believe it an accident."

The Quaker said no more. The old man now expressed his surprise at seeing his son in the coach, as he thought he was driving. The reason being given, and the weather having recovered its serenity, Bob declared he would mount the box again, and stopt the coach accordingly. The Quaker was too well pleased with his absence to attempt to prevent it: and Barclay feeling disposed to enjoy a little fresh air, agreed to go with him.

Our hero seated himself on the roof of the coach, close to the box on which Bob was perched, marshalling his elbows, and driving, according to his opinion, in very great stile. The Quaker presently became the subject of conversation. Barclay, who was fond of a joke, seconded him in all his abuse of the Quaker, and especially dwelt on his keeping him in the rain, until he wrought him to such a state of anger, that he leant back, and said softly to Barclay, "If you'll get off, and pretend to walk on, I'll overturn him, neck or nothing, into the next ditch."

This Barclay very much objected to, and to avoid it, he replied, "I should like it vastly, but you forget your father's in the coach."

"Ay, true enough, so I did," he rejoined; "but *he's mine*, you know, and if you like, I run the risk!"

"No, oh no!" said our hero, shocked at his want of feeling. "No, that must not be; let us devise some other scheme."

This had been all spoken in a whisper, unheard, as it may easily be imagined, by the coachman. They now spoke out, and

many things were proposed, without fixing on any, till Barclay happening to say, that if you struck a Quaker on one side of his face, he would, according to his religion, turn the other—he exclaimed, after a few moments silence;

"I think, sir, I'd better fight him; d—n him, I'll lick him."

"Right," replied Barclay, "that's a good thought."

They had scarcely settled this plan of operation, when the coach, it being three o'clock, drew up to the inn, at which they were allowed an hour to dine. On these occasions no time is to be lost. The dinner prepared was put on the table immediately, and they were all soon seated to partake of it. Bob, however, was too full of his purpose to think of eating; how to find cause for fighting the Quaker wholly occupied his mind. He offered him fifty indignities, which the other took without muttering. At length, being civilly asked for a little butter, he poured the contents of the whole boat into the Quaker's plate, and pretending to be very sorry for what he had done, he attempted to assist in taking it away; doing which he overturned it all into his lap. This was too much. The Quaker looked angrily: the other protested it was unintentional.

"Friend! friend!" said he, seriously, "thou dost not speak the words of truth." "Sblood!" exclaimed Bob, "what, do you give me the lie? Strip, strip. I'll teach you to give a gentleman the lie."—Saying this, he stripped himself to the shirt in a moment. The other asked him whether he meant to strip, and being answered simply, "nay," he drew near him, squaring, and putting himself into a variety of fighting attitudes; but, offering to strike, the quaker said, "Friend, I never fight." At the same time he put forth his



arm in a straight line, which coming in contact with the other's face, made his nose bleed copiously, and almost stunned him.

Recovering a little, Bob looked at our hero, and shook his head, as much as to say, "This is not the Quaker you talked of." But not choosing to quit the field thus, he attacked his foe twice more, who met him each time in the same way, with "Friend, I tell thee I never fight!" when the coachman came in to say the stage was ready. The Quaker now wished to know whether he might be permitted to finish his dinner unmolested. This permission his opponent readily granted. The coachman was prevailed on to wait ten minutes longer; and the Quaker, sitting down, satisfied his appetite with as much composure as if nothing had happened. Bob, during this period, sat sulkily in the corner, bemoaning his damaged physiognomy; stopping with one hand the rosy stream that issued from his nostrils, and with the other bathing his two black eyes with vinegar and water.

The father being a peaceable man, and not at all comprehending the cause of the disturbance, rather leant on the Quaker's side, and reprehended his son for his rude and unwarrantable conduct.

Our hero, who was quite contented with the success of his stratagem, proposed that the combatants should drink a glass of wine together, and make it up, which was seconded by the old man. The Quaker seemed willing to agree to it, and, when they brought Bob up to shake hands with him, he said, "Friend, I forgive thee."

"Forgive me!" cried the other, "what do you mean by 'forgive me?' It is I that am to forgive, for giving me these black eyes and this bloody nose."

"Friend, thou art mistaken," replied the Quaker. "Verily I did not give thee them, for thou didst give them to thyself. I did only hold up my arm, as every man hath a right to do, and thou didst run thy face against my fist. Moreover, thou hast in truth hurt my knuckles a little with thy teeth; but again, I say, I do forgive thee."

The Quaker's solemnity produced a smile even upon the disfigured countenance of his antagonist, who, not knowing what to reply, offered him his hand in sullen silence, which the Quaker took, saying,

"I take this, friend, as a pledge that thou never more dost intend, wantonly, to sully my stockings, to butter my breeches, or to bruise my fist."

They were at this instant again summon-

ed to proceed on their journey, and, having been so much disturbed as not to be able to drink more than one bottle of wine, it was resolved that they should take two flasks into the carriage, and over them finally terminate their differences.

#### CHAP. XV.

*What will restore friendship.—How to seem wise.—Why coxcombs will perpetually exist.—ROMAINE.—Extemporaneous sermons accounted for.—The delicacy of a court preacher.—Friends often do more harm than foes.—A digression proved to be no digression.—Supper.—Barclay's reflections on his situation.*

THE wine taken by our travellers into the carriage soon proved itself to have all the vaunted influence and magic charm of the herb Anacampseros, which is said by Pliny\* to have the power of restoring friendship. A few bumpers (but what will they not do!) quickly reconciled the contending parties, and renewed their former harmony. The Quaker, however, was still very sparing of his words. Bob, on the other hand, became remarkably talkative. Not having eaten much dinner, the wine took speedy effect on him, and he dealt out, what he called his jeux d'esprit and bon mots (all strongly savouring of the linen-draper) with exceeding profusion. In the excess on his spirits, he made another attack on the Quaker, but alas! poor Bob was, in all his attacks, ever unfortunately doomed to be defeated, and put to the rout with shame and disgrace. The old man, chuckling and laughing at one of his son's jokes, he turned round to him, and said:

"Now, dad, though I am such a pleasant fellow, yet I claim no merit for my wit and humour. Nature has put a spice of them in me, and I can no more help being agreeable, than friend Buckram there, can being dull, and never saying a syllable."

After he had finished a laugh, which followed this, the Quaker addressed the company thus: "I do grieve truly that this young man should ascribe dullness to my silence, as I did mean it to make a very different impression. By silence many have passed for men of sense, who would never have been so esteemed by talking. And, verily, am I afraid of being loquacious, lest I should thereby, like unto my neighbour, give indisputable proof of my dullness and folly."

Bob, finding that the Quaker had the better of him at all weapons, declined entering the lists with him any more, and feeling the strength of the grape operate

† Lib. xxiv. cap. 17.

on his faculties, he sunk gradually into the arms of sleep. It was now late in the evening, and his companions, fatigued with travelling, thought it not unwise to follow his example.

What a good tempered soul I am! Here have I, for thirty or forty pages, been telling my story, circumstance after circumstance, without omitting a tittle, or making a single digression. But we will have a digression now, and after the digression, we will have a further digression, to prove that a digression is no digression, and then we'll go on with our story.

I have said that three of our travellers went to sleep, following the example of their companion; and perhaps the reader has done the same. I would that nothing worse arose from following example. There is prevalent, in the minds of the young men of this age, something which induces them to a conduct and sentiment in company, totally foreign to those entertained and approved of, when alone; and they constantly quit their companions, with contempt and disapprobation of those very principles and ways of life, to which they themselves, however contrary to the impulse of their reason, have been accessory, and, by imitation promoted. Friendship is ingenuous and candid; none then can exist, in breasts leagued, as it were, by a strange fatality, to mutual deception. While men, in spite of their genuine feelings, will, like theameleon, indiscriminately take the colour of their associates, we must despair of seeing an end to the wide-extended line of coxcombs and fools.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not;"

but do not put on the features of vice or folly, so repugnant to your real self, so baneful in example to mankind. Vice is only sufferable through custom, which habituates us to see it without dismay, and practise it without shame. Custom is, indeed, according to Pindar, the lord of all things; and when vice itself once becomes customary or common, it is no longer a shame to be vicious: for, it is well observed by Mademoiselle le Fevre, that "*La honte ne consiste proprement que par la raison des contraires; et c'est dequoy on n'est aujourd'huy que trop persuadé.*"

It is our imitation, or tacit approbation of the vices of those we associate with, which perpetuates their reign, and extends their dominion. Flattering, as we continually do, the follies of others, is watering the root to which we should apply the axe of reprobation.

I could give some good advice on this subject, but I will not employ my time



such a fruitless manner. I never take any myself, and why should I expect it from other people? However, it must be confessed, that much evil arises from the world's too great leniency to what it is pleased to term, petty sins, or fashionable frailties. Romaine, one day, preaching extemporaneously\* on this head, observed, "That men, now-a-day, have an excuse for every thing. Nothing is so bad, but they palliate it. Why," said he, "they don't so much as call the devil by his right name, but stroke him down the back, and call him *poor mistaken angel!*"—Thus they don't even give the devil his due†.

We have, indeed, great want of a few Catos, a few Censors, to check the lamentably mischievous course of vicious frivolity, and fashionable infamy. We need some one not to wink at our faults, but to reprimand us for them. It is truly an erroneous notion of friendship, that leads a man to do the former, for he would in my opinion, give much stronger evidence of his esteem by doing the latter with gentleness and urbanity. His greatest foe could not do a man more injury, than he would sustain from the misguided friend who should seem to approve his errors, by imitating them: which imitation of our companions confirms more men in their bad practices than any one other thing.—It would, in truth, be a deadly stab to vice and folly, were we merely not to smile at them.

So far my digression, and now to answer my reader's objection to digressions, I shall take the argument, and some of the words, of a speech in Fielding's *Passion*.

"I perceive, Mr. Sneerwell," (that's you, you know!) "that you are one of those who would have nothing introduced but what is necessary to the business of the story;—nor I either. But the business of the story, as I take it, is to divert and instruct; therefore every thing that diverts or instructs, is necessary to the business of the story." Thus is this digression (by which word you mean something

\* I do not think it to be the case with Romaine, who was a man of considerable learning, and unaffected piety: but I believe there can be no better reason given for many of this sect's preaching extemporaneously, than that they are unable to read.

† An English clergyman, says a French writer, preaching before the court, said, at the end of his sermon, that those who did not profit by what he had advanced, would go, and for ever and ever inhabit a place which politeness would not suffer him to name before such a respectable congregation.

strange to the work) syllogistically proved to be no digression; being a thing consistent, necessary, and of a piece with the work itself. You have, perhaps, still some doubt, but if so, I will bring a hundred more reasons to prove that—.

Reader. "Not for the world! It shall be a digression, or not a digression, just as you please; but for heaven's sake, go on, and say no more about it."

About ten o'clock at night, Barclay was waked, and informed by the coachman that his vehicle went no farther with him. He consequently alighted, to wait for a carriage going across the country, which would call at the inn at one in the morning. His companions being still asleep, all ceremony between them at parting was rendered unnecessary; and Barclay, having secured his baggage, left them to pursue their journey in a state in which he thought they were most likely to do it peaceably.

Having now plenty of time, he ordered as comfortable a supper as the house would afford, and with the assistance of some excellent ale, and a bottle of moderate port, he endeavoured to pass away the hours as pleasantly as a man in his situation could be expected to do. His situation was new, his mind was full, but his spirits were still good. "To-morrow," said he to himself, "and he could scarcely avoid smiling, "to-morrow I shall begin to copy the bible for a crazy old woman, who does not know what she'd be at. Well the next day I shall say, "Ma'am, I don't like this." But, hold, if I say so, they'll pop me into the coach again, and send me back to my creditors. That will never do. No; though I always did hate copying, and though I feel I hate it the more, the nearer I approach it; yet will I try it, to obtain enough of money to pay off my creditors, and if I find it insupportable, I can, after all, but throw myself into their friendly arms, which are ever open, and ready to receive me."

Making these reflections, and drinking his wine, he insensibly fell asleep, and was very diligently going on with his Polyglott bible, copying away in his imagination, *Berassith Bera*——, when the host roused him from his dream by a tap on the shoulder, and presented him a bill.

Barclay, who was yet debating in his mind which was best, going to copy, or going to jail, now, half asleep and half awake, took the landlord for a bailiff, and exclaimed, "Well, well, I'll go along with you! and hang me but I believe 'tis the best of the two."

Rubbing his eyes, and shaking himself a little, he presently perceived his mistake. The host then told him that he had stopped the coach, and, there being one place unoccupied, he had secured it for him.—"The coachman," continued he, "is in a hurry to be off, therefore I make so bold, your honour, as to wake you, and to bring you this here bit of a bill."

Our hero discharged the demand, and, ordering his things to be put in the coach, once more took a seat to proceed to the end of his journey. Barclay found—— you'll find what in the next chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*O Music! sphere descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
O! bid our vain endeavours cease,  
Revive the just designs of Greece.*

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

MR. HOGAN,

I FIND your friend is not yet satisfied about the Muses, and still asserts that Urania is the patroness of astronomy, and not of music.—But this he has not brought a single authority to prove. The authorities he produces, say only,—That she was supposed to be the inventress of astronomy: hence he infers (by what logical rule I know not,) that she was not the patroness of music. I congratulate him, however, in having gotten over one error, that clearly proves to me that he is possessed of an ingenuous mind, which will not suffer him to support any principle which, on investigation, he finds originated in a mistaken view of the subject.

I agree with *T. W. de la Tienda*, that it is an impropriety for any Christian society to bear the title of a pagan deity; but custom has rendered this, if a fault, a very trivial one. Milton, he will undoubtedly allow, was a Christian, and as much opposed to idolatry as himself; yet we find he invokes Urania, but in the very act of invocation, destroys the idolatry by these significant words:

"The meaning not the name I call."

And if this was a sufficient reason for him to invoke Urania, might not a liberal spirit give such a construction to the act of of the Society, that it was the meaning, not the name they wished to assume. I am not a member of the society, nor have I ever had that honour; but charity thinketh no evil.



To put the matter out of dispute, I must enter more minutely into the subject than I at first thought necessary.

Education among the ancients was divided into two parts, *viz.* Music, which comprehended all that tended to mental improvement, and GYMNASTICS, which embraced all corporeal exercises. To the Muses, therefore, they looked for assistance in all their mental studies. They joined Music and Poetry in the closest union; and whilst this union was preserved, they were mild, humane and beneficent: hence some of their wisest men have acknowledged, that Music, under the guidance of philosophy, is one of the sublimest gifts of Heaven.

The Pythagoreans believed that the universe had an intellectual soul; but could only solve the phenomena of the motion of the heavens, and the distance of the heavenly bodies from the earth, by estimating the degrees of activity possessed by this soul, from the centre to the circumference of the universe: they imagined, therefore, a line extending from the centre of the earth to the extremity of the planetary world, and divided it into thirty-six parts, at the distance of a tone or semi-tone from each other; and this they called the *musical scale of the universal soul*.

The heavenly bodies are placed at different degrees of this scale, at distances relatively proportionate to each other, as in the ratio of the fifth and other consonances. They imagined that the motion of the heavenly bodies, thus directed, after the same proportions, produced a delightful and divine harmony. The Muses, like so many syrens, have placed their thrones upon the stars; they regulate the cadenced motions of the celestial spheres, and PRESIDE over those eternal and ravishing concerts, which can be heard only in the silence of the passions, and which are said to have filled the soul of Pythagoras with the purest delight.

They regulated the distance of the heavenly bodies by the following scale:

From the Earth to the Moon, a tone.

From the Moon to Mercury, a half-tone.

From Mercury to Venus, a half-tone.

From Venus to the Sun, a tone and a half.

From the Sun to Mars, a tone.

From Mars to Jupiter, a half tone.

From Jupiter to Saturn, a half tone.

From Saturn to the Fixed Stars, a tone and a half. And each tone they supposed to be equal to 14286 miles.

By these observations, for which I am indebted to the *Abbe Bartholomy*, in

his travels of Anacharsis, it is evident to the meanest understanding, that astronomy and music became so connected, and that a proficient in music was esteemed a patron of astronomy; but still upon account of musical ability, by which the motion of the spheres was supposed to be regulated.

I must now take some notice of our friend, who says, "I should have said that Urania is no patron of singing, or them who sing"—And I maintain, and I think am able to prove, that the Muses are all *patronesses* of Music and Poetry; and as such were invoked by the ancient poets.

In the first of Solon's Elegies we find the following invocation:

O *Pierien Muses!* ye celebrated daughters of Olympian Jove and Memory, listen to my prayer.

In the third Idyllium of Bion, every strophe begins with this address:

Begin my lamentation, O Siculean Muses.

In the 16th Idyllium of Theocritus, we find the following beautiful passage:

It is always the duty of the Muses, the daughters of Jupiter, to celebrate the immortal gods: of the poets, to celebrate the noble deeds of heroes. The Muses are indeed goddesses, and they sing the praises of the gods and goddesses.

The first book of Hesiod begins also with an invocation to the Muses:

O Muses! celebrated through Pieria for your songs, lend your aid to sing the praises of your father Jupiter.

I could with ease produce many such invocations from the Greek poets; but if these do not suffice to establish the point, that the Muses were all the patronesses of poets, and consequently of music, a thousand would not satisfy.—With the following from our own poets, and Virgil, I shall close the list of my authorities.

Now e'er we venture to unfold,  
Achievements so resolv'd and bold,  
We should, as learned poets use,  
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse;  
We think 'tis no great matter which,  
They're all alike, &c. HUDIBRAS.

Ye Muses, open all your Helicon,  
For well ye know, and can record alone,  
What fame to future times conveys but darkly  
down. DRYD. VIR.

Ye Muses, ever fair and ever young,  
Assist my numbers and inspire my song:  
For you in singing martial facts excel;  
Ye best remember and ye best can tell. DRYD. VIR.

—Still govern thou my song  
Urania, and fit audience find tho' few;  
But drive far off the bar'rous dissonance  
Of Bacchus and his revelers— MILTON.

Some perhaps might object, that the Muses are the patronesses of poetry, not

of music—but such an objection, I am of opinion, will never be made by T. W. de la Tienda; he possesses too much information to bring forward such a quibble.

In my former essay, (for I must still call it an essay, because I know for such productions no better name,) I proved that the Muses loved singing and singers. \*In this I have proven that they are the *PATRONESSES* of music or song, and have shewn how the ancients came to join astronomy and music. I have not differed with the author of the article in the Encyclopædia, Dr. Ash, or the ancient statuary and painters: not one of these ever entertained for a moment an idea that Urania was not the patroness of music. They were too well acquainted with the subject to make such an assertion. All the statues represented Urania under the figure of a very beautiful woman, holding the celestial globe in her right hand, and the terrestrial globe in her left; by this the mythologist expressed his belief that she was possessed of all knowledge, human and divine.

Mr. Hogan, I have now done with the Muses, and I hope your friend will be satisfied: if, however, he still maintains the opinion which he has avowed, he may, for I will no more on this subject trouble you, myself, or the public. J. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### IMPORTANT HINTS.

I FIND, by experience, says Gibbon, that it is much more *rational*, as well as easy, to answer a letter of real business by *return of post*. This important truth is verified by my own experience. After writing three pages, I was called away, and the post departed before I could return to the conclusion. A second day was *coloured by some decent pretence*. Three weeks have slipped away, and I now *force* myself on a task which I should have dispatched, without an effort, on the first summons.

NOTHING, in my opinion, says the same author, is so ridiculous as some kinds of friends, wives and lovers, who look on no crime so heinous as the letting slip a post without writing. The charm of friendship is liberty; and he that would destroy the one, destroys, without designing it, the better half of the other. I compare friendship to charity, and letters to alms—the last signifies nothing without the first; and very often the first is very strong, although it does not shew itself by the other.



## ORIGINAL TALE.

*The Ruins.*

(CONTINUED.)

"MY detestable brother stood aghast at the sight of the instrument he had employed in his dire schemes of revenge, weltering in his gore: but when I advanced towards him, when he saw the dagger, yet reeking with the blood of the villian I had sacrificed to the manes of Matilda, raised to revenge her death, his guilty soul was distracted with fear and apprehension. He sunk on his knee, as if to subdue my resentment; but ere he could give utterance to the emotions of his heart, some of his myrmidons entered, and saved him from his fate. Soon as they interfered, and he was removed from the probability of punishment, the dastardly Arthur resumed all his haughty dignity, and ordered them to secure me. I had retreated to the side of my inanimate wife, and when the ruffians advanced, I bade them keep at a distance or I would appease the spirit of my Matilda by the sacrifice of a hecatomb of such beings, who lived the scourge of civilized society. They seemed appalled at my firmness; for after witnessing such a scene of horror as was before me, there were few natural occurrences that could disturb the undaunted ferocity which reigned uncontrolled in my bosom. With such a stimulus, no wonder that my conduct was marked with a species of phrenzy. With nothing but the dagger which I retained in my hand, I defended myself for some time against them, till I was laid senseless on the floor. Recovering from my insensibility I found myself once more in my prison, and alone. But I will not fatigue you, by dwelling so long on my distresses; suffice it to say, that through the clandestine interference of one of my guards, who was softened by my wretchedness, I was once more restored to health and liberty, after an imprisonment of some years.

"Tho' I was obliged to secrete myself from the vengeance of my brother, I obtained a sight of my daughter, who had improved in beauty, and was possessed of all those infantine charms, which operate on the susceptible heart of a parent. Confiding her to the care of the intimate friend of my Matilda, I hung round her neck the miniature of her mother, with strict in-

junction to her noble guardian never to inform her of the fate of her parents, unless there was a prospect of her recovering the inheritance of her unfortunate father."

Manston was interrupted by Maria, who, in a hurried accent, demanded the name of the person to whose care he had consigned his infant. "The Countess of Davenport," replied Manston; surprized and alarmed at the manner in which the question was asked. No sooner was the name uttered, than Maria exclaimed, "My father!" and sunk fainting in her chair. He called loudly for assistance, and the servant entering with a cordial, by their united exertions she was soon restored to the possession of her senses. When she was able to speak, she explained her apprehension, that it was not merely the tie of sympathy which had attached them to each other, but a certain instinctive and indefinite sensation. Taking a miniature from her bosom, she put it in his hands, and requested to be relieved from her doubts, by knowing whether it was not the resemblance of his Matilda. Joy at the sight of the well known object, illumined the saddened features of Manston with a transient gleam. It was the same portrait which, in the moment of taking farewell, he had placed round the neck of his daughter; who now was kneeling at his feet, and rejoicing that she had found a parent. Those charms to which infantine innocence had given an irresistible grace, were now matured into perfect beauty, and rendered doubly interesting by the trait of melancholy which was spread over her fine-formed features. As to paint in just colours the scene which ensued, would be impossible, let it be sufficient to observe, that the pleasure they mutually received from the discovery, for a time obliterated from their memory every trace of past events. Maria informed him that she had remained with the Countess of Davenport till her decease, when she was taken under the protection of the Countess of Darnford. She was only known as an orphan favorite of the late lady Davenport, and was consequently exposed to the subtle artifices of the young noblemen who resorted to Darnford castle. Maria had received from her noble protectress, impressions which were not easily effaced. But alas, for the happiness of the daughter of Mercia, she possessed a too susceptible heart. Love got the ascendancy of reason,—principle, virtue and fortitude were obliged to submit. Before the breath of passion, the lessons of prudence and virtue vanished as the blue mists of morning at the

approach of the "god of day." A young nobleman, the Marquis of Richmond, possessed of every accomplishment that could win the admiration of the fair, made proposals of the most honourable nature. Maria listened to his vows, and received in private the assurances of his inviolable fidelity. In a moment when prudence slumbered, the malignant demon, under whose evil influence the lives of her parents had been marked with misfortune, fanned into a flame the dormant spark of passion, and triumphed in her fall from virtue. The Marquis was recalled by a mandate from his father, the Duke of Richmond, and Maria, tortured by reflection, fled the scene of her indiscretion. After wandering for a considerable time, till fatigue and remorse had almost deprived her of reason, she reached the borders of the forest, and met with those occurrences which have been related. The castle which was the seat of lady Darnford, was situated near the forest; but such was its wild luxuriance, and so thick the underwood, that none presumed to wander far within its thickets. After they had resumed their wonted tranquillity, Maria recollected the appearance of the stranger at the Ruins, and mentioned it to her father. He endeavoured to persuade her that it was only the delusions of fancy, but in vain; her mind was impressed with the fear of losing her new found parent, and with a palpitating heart she accompanied him in a walk through the forest.

No traces of the storm which had prevailed the preceding night appeared, till they reached the Ruins, where they perceived a part of the remaining wall had been thrown down by a stroke of thunder, and under it the mangled body of a man. With horror Maria thought she recognized the stranger whose unaccountable conduct had given rise to suspicions in her bosom. They both stood aghast at the spectacle. With the assistance of the servant, the body was extricated from its situation, but no signs of life appeared. On examining his pockets, they found the following letter, addressed to the deceased:

*Good Donald,*

I have had information of the appearance of a servant at the little town of F——, on the borders of Darwood Forest, who comes to buy provisions once in several days, and always returns into the forest. His silence respecting his employer, when questioned, inspires me with a hope that my runaway brother is not far distant. Examine the forest by yourself, to avoid sus-



picion should you be noticed by any one, and let me know as soon as possible of the result.

MERCIA.

This letter at once unravelled the late mysterious conduct of the deceased; and thus were Manston's hopes of enjoying an uninterrupted tranquillity blasted. He returned thanks to God for his providential interference, and compassionated the fate of the devoted victim, who, acting agreeably to the mandate of his superior, was left by the avenging hand of heaven, a blighted picture of ruin and destruction. Forced from that solitude in whose calm bosom he had reposed for so long a period, he resolved to hasten to court, and to throw himself at the feet of his king. The spark of vengeance which had so long slumbered in his bosom, now burst into a flame. The injuries of his Matilda called aloud for punishment on their author.

Removing instantly from the cottage, after a journey of some days, they arrived at court unmolested, and in a private audience, Manston unfolded to the monarch the melancholy detail of his sufferings.

JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### SACRED HARMONY.

THERE has lately been formed and organized in this city, a society by the name of THE HARMONIC SOCIETY, for the purposes of extending the study of SACRED MUSIC, of encouraging and assisting Students in the Art, of aiding the efforts of worthy Teachers, and finally of improving themselves; and I understand that they have chosen Mr. LAW to be their president. It must be highly gratifying to the religious and moral part of the community, to behold among all ranks of Society, desires and endeavours to promote this delightful part of public and private devotion;—to see the young of both sexes, voluntarily relinquishing the fashionable and alluring, though light and transient amusements of the day, and cordially uniting for the advancement of solid and lasting acquisitions. And it cannot fail to be pleasing to all liberal minds and lovers of science, to view with what alacrity and indefatigable industry this able Teacher continues to exert his powers in the cause of virtue and useful learning. Mr. LAW, I have been informed, has devoted the greatest part and the best period of his life to the study and teaching of Sacred Music; and it is still his

ardent desire to diffuse among his fellow-citizens a knowledge of it as far as his abilities will enable him, for the purpose of rendering it as extensively beneficial, and as justly appreciated, as it ought to be. It is hoped, therefore, that the Philadelphians, who are second to no people on earth for liberality of sentiment, and spirited patronage of the Arts and Sciences, will duly estimate the advantages that may be derived from a generous encouragement of undertakings so laudable:—that, at least, the heads of families, and the ministers of the Gospel, who from their several stations, must feel particularly interested in the dissemination of pure and virtuous principles, and the prevalence of moral and good conduct, will cheerfully and spiritedly co-operate with such meritorious institutions in their exertions for accomplishing objects so desirable, and I may truly add so important.

PHILO.

### NEW ASTRONOMICAL THEORY.

AN inhabitant of Pau, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees (south of France) has discovered a method by which the Sun may be examined without injuring the sight. He has himself examined it, and thro' the same medium has shewn it to others. It is without any spot, and not sparkling. It turns incessantly on its axis; and the parts of its surface are more brilliant the more remote they are from its poles, so that its equator is the most splendid part. It revolves with a rapidity beyond calculation, but which is supposed to be about a hundred times in a minute.

PICOT, the astronomer, who has made this discovery, is persuaded, that this very rapid rotation of the Sun furnishes a simple and most natural explanation of the movements of the planetary world. He proposes the following, as a theory for consideration:

"As the Sun revolves with great velocity, it must give motion to a quantity of æther, through a distance proportioned to its density, its magnitude, and above all, to the rapidity of its motion; this distance must, consequently, extend far beyond the Georgium Sidus of Herschel.

"The circular movement which the æther must necessarily have, must communicate itself to the planets, the atmosphere of which it surrounds; and as the motion of the æther must be the more rapid the nearer it is to the Sun, it follows, 1st. That the planets will be driven round the Sun with a velocity, which will be in

the inverse ratio of their distance: 2d. That as the atmosphere of each planet will be acted upon by a movement more rapid on the side which is next to the Sun, than on that which is opposite, the planets must make revolutions in themselves, presenting successively the whole circumference of their orbs to the Sun."

The theory here developed is doubtless curious, if not plausible. We have no more certain means of attaining a knowledge of the appearance, situation, relative distance and revolutionary laws of the planets, than glasses and observations furnish.

The aids afforded by mathematics are merely auxiliary, and might perhaps be made to yield equal assistance to the astronomer, whether he used the telescope of Sir Isaac Newton, or the glass of Picot. Spherical trigonometry derives, indeed, its name from the sphere of which it treats; but this branch of mathematical science, since it is formed from an application of the abstract principles of mathematics to practical inquiries, will remain unaltered in its laws, even if a new theory of the revolution of the planets should be adopted.

Picot does not pretend that the calculations heretofore made will be affected in their results by this theory. But in this place the most interesting reflection perhaps is, that not one of the theories hitherto known has so completely convinced the inquiring mind as to cause the instant rejection of further theories. On the contrary, so much is the Newtonian theory founded on adventurous hypothesis, that altho' almost on its being published, the system of Tycho Brahe, and even that of Descartes himself, was very generally exploded; yet of late years some very learned and ingenious men have thought the theory of the great Newton liable to most serious objections.

[National Magazine.]

### THE FALSE FRIEND.

THE following romantic and melancholy affair happened at a village in Virginia, a few years ago.

A young gentleman, the son of an attorney, had conceived a violent passion for the daughter of an eminent planter, at some distance from the place of his residence, and found means to make her acquainted with it. But on account of the disparity of their circumstances, he was refused. An accident, however, some time after,



brought them together, at the house of a friend of the lady; when the gentleman so far prevailed as to be admitted on the terms of her lover; and they continued to see each other privately for several months. But at this time Mr.—being disappointed in regard to fortune, it was judged proper for them to separate till his affairs should take a more favourable turn, when the match might be proposed to the lady's friends with some prospect of success. Their *confidante* was still their friend.—They corresponded under the fictitious signatures of *Henry* and *Delia*, to prevent detection; and their friend, whom agreeably to the romantic plan, they called *Juliana*, was their female Mercury. As Henry of course was frequently at Juliana's house, where it was thought proper, the better to cover their design, that he should pass for that lady's lover; and this was universally believed to be the case. Henry's circumstances and expectations, tho' inferior to those of his mistress, were at least equal to Juliana's, the latter conceived the perfidious design of making him her lover in reality. To effect this she endeavoured by indirect insinuations, to prejudice him against the object of his love; hinted the little likelihood there appeared of such an union taking place, and how much happier marriages were likely to be where there was a parity of fortunes. Her endeavours however were fruitless. He saw through the artifice; and his discovery pained him the more, as he doubted not but she would use the same arts with his *Delia*, whom he could now neither caution against her, or even if he could, her confidence in her was so great, she would not believe it. With *Delia* therefore, she was successful. Instigated by revenge, by the falsest and basest suggestions, she successfully detached her from him, and it was not long after when she gave her hand to one of Juliana's relations. The news reached the unhappy Henry. Unable to bear the thought of her being possessed by another, in distraction and despair he seized two loaded pistols, and rushing to the house which contained the pair who that morning had been wedded, he drove the contents of one thro' his *Delia's* heart, and the other through his own. The perfidious *Juliana* so far from being affected, seemed to triumph in their fate. The hapless lovers were universally pitied; but she, though the law could not touch her, was held in execration, and in a short time moved to some distant place, where her crime was not known, to avoid the insults which she constantly and justly received.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### The Dessert.

—SONNET XIII.—

#### TO RESIGNATION.

*Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom—*

O RESIGNATION, soul-supporting Pow'r!  
Thine ever-placid influence impart:  
Dispel the doubts that wring my tortur'd heart;

Disperse the glooms that cloud life's prospects o'er.

Possess of Thee, offspring of Virtue fair,  
The Saint with the Philosopher is blest;  
And, thro' Time's varying scenes, the  
"Good distrest,"

Serenely glide, beyond the reach of care:

Whether perennial Eden smiles delight;  
Or devastation frowning rush abroad,  
And nature to her deep foundations nod,  
Conscious, th'ETERNAL WILL is ever right.

O then, since Thou canst ward the ills of fate,

Come, fit my soul for any, ev'ry state.

AMYNTOR.

#### LINES

ON STEALING A PIN FROM A LADY'S BREAST.

Ah! little thought I, that the Pin,  
Which from Eliza's breast I stole,  
Could have such magic center'd in,  
As with each pang to pierce my soul.

How pleas'd, I heard her sweetly pray,

In softest accents for her Pin—

"Oh! do restore it, do!" she'd say:

But her entreaties all were vain.

Too well the theft has punish'd been,

Repose is banish'd from my bed,

My dreams are haunted with the Pin,

And every other thought has fled.

Eliza! thy reproaches spare!

Nor of the rob'ry rude complain,

Enough already, charming fair!

From one poor Pin I've suffer'd pain.

PHILAMOR.

### NATHAN CHAPIN

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a SINGING SCHOOL, at his School-room, No. 134, South Fifth Street, between Pine and Lombard Streets, on Saturday Evenings, from 6 till 9 o'clock; where Ladies and Gentlemen may be carefully instructed in every thing necessary for the accomplishment of that art.

## PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 9, 1802.

### Marriages.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Jesse Marchmont, to Miss Elizabeth Macclain, both of Southwark....On the 31st ult. by the Rev. C. Potts, Mr. Robert Jackson, to Miss Phebe Parker....By the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Capt. Wm. Taylor, of New-York, to Miss Esther Rhine-dollar, daughter of Mr. Emanuel Rhine-dollar, of Southwark....On the 7th, by the Rev. Bishop White, John Jones, Esq. of Montgomery County, to Miss Rebecca Jones, daughter of the late Owen Jones, Esq. of this City.

### Deaths.

DIED....In this City....On the 2d inst. Benjamin Brown, Esq. of Wells, in the State of Massachusetts.

.....At Bethlehem, (Pen.) on the 2d inst. after a short sickness of four days, the Rev. John Ettwein, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of *Unitas Fratrum*, or the United Brethren, *Æt.* 81.

Died suddenly, aged 103, Mr. Joshua Dixon, of Downton. By his two wives he had a numerous family; his eldest daughter now living is upwards of 70 years of age, and his child only 18. He was a remarkably free liver, and, from his account, had drank in the course of his life, upwards of 2000 gallons of brandy, besides other liquors; he enjoyed his faculties to the last.

### LONGEVITY.

THERE now lives in one of the provincial towns of France, a man aged 108, who possesses, to appearance, all the marks of the health and vigour of youth. He has all his teeth entire, and his hair is as black as at any former period of his life. His manner of living has in it only this peculiarity, that at all his meals he uses no other food but bread, which has been previously steeped in wine, all of which is of his own cultivation and manufacture.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Juvenis*" will appear next week.

"*Simon the Pauper*" will be inserted as soon as we can find convenient room.

"*Reflections on the Death of a Child*" will be attended to as early as possible.

Several other communications are under consideration.



## TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ON THE

### DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

RISE, my muse, forego thy slumbers,  
Touch the tenderest chords of woe;  
Teach thy elegaic numbers  
Sadly-eloquent to flow.

Shed thy tears in pearly showers  
On Elvira's hallow'd tomb;  
Strew around it fairest flowers—  
Roses of eternal bloom.

See the tyrant Death approaching,  
(From his fury nought can save;)  
On fair virtue's shrine encroaching,  
Dooms her vot'ry to the grave.

Can virtue save from death? ah never;  
No sweet maid it cannot be;  
If from death it rescued ever,  
Surely it had rescued thee.

Mourn ye fair this sad deduction,  
From your cheerful virtuous train,  
She whose voice once breath'd instruction,  
Shall instruct nor please again.

For, from earth has fled her spirit  
To a happier world above,  
Everlasting bliss t' inherit  
In the realms of endless love.

There the heav'nly band harmonious,  
Greet her spirit in the skies;  
Now her voice, with their's symphonious,  
Bids the pealing anthem rise.

Pour on, sweet maid, the hallow'd strain,  
As long as heav'n's HIGH KING shall reign,  
And sing thy MAKER's praise;  
Thy anthems angels shall admire,  
Their breasts shall catch a sacred fire  
From thy extatic lays.

EMERSON.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following valedictory Address to a Student of\*\*\*\*  
College, having accidentally fallen into my hands, if  
you think it worthy an insertion in the Philadelphia  
Repository, it is at your service.

DON ALVANO.

### ADIEU TO ALEXIS,

Written the evening before his departure from  
\*\*\*\* College—By a Fellow-Student.

ADIEU my friend, a heart-felt leave  
I take of social pleasures past;  
A sad abatement they receive,  
Yea, meet for once a sudden blast.

And those remembrances so dear,  
Which thus my throbbing heart attend,  
Can but help on the rising tear,  
Occasion'd by a parting friend.

Yon lunar orb, whose silver face  
So often lights the lover's way;  
Whose radiant beams oft serve to trace  
The poet's all-aspiring lay.

That moon whose ambient rays have shone  
On us while sauntering o'er the lawn:  
Ere she again ascends her throne,  
Must view my friend far distant gone.

When parted hence may'st thou at home,  
Still honour do to college ways;  
Rememb'ring still the late left dome  
Where we have spent some happy days.

Let not the thoughts of liberty  
Too much fill up thy youthful mind;  
Tho' from our laws thou wilt be free;  
Yet disappointments all must find.

But let not disappointments sink,  
Thy noble heart to needless pain;  
Let it still be the honour'd link  
To join thy soul to Virtue's chain.

A last request—let me require,  
(When homeward thou hast trod thy way,  
Not to forget pure friendship's fire,  
Which oft admits sweet pleasure's ray.

But ah! the closing line draws nigh  
Which must wind up the straggling few;  
And nought remains, but with a sigh,  
To breath a heart-felt, long adieu!

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

[The following lines were written a short time before the  
conclusion of peace in Europe. They describe, in lan-  
guage strong and appropriate, scenes happily now past:  
and the picture they exhibit, is well calculated to en-  
hance, to every feeling mind, the blessings of peace.]

### LINES WRITTEN ON WAR.

AVAUNT! dire WAR, with all thy horrid  
train  
Of death and famine, pestilence and woe:  
No more in blood stalk o'er the fertile  
plain—  
From pity's eye no more cause tears to  
flow.

Should man, whose greatest bliss is found in  
peace,  
Like tygers fight, inflam'd by mutual hate?  
Should they the miseries of life increase,  
And by contention, death anticipate?

Behold the scenes where War in horror  
reigns;  
Behold the miseries which his steps attend:  
There no bright verdure decks the barren  
plains;  
No plenteous harvests to the breezes bend.

Towns wrapt in flames, and smoky volumes  
rise,  
While all the works of smiling peace decay;  
Shouts, groans and clangors rend the sound-  
ing skies,  
And on the field the slaughter'd thousands  
lay.

The widow's breast swells with a bursting  
sigh,  
For on the plain her butcher'd consort lies;  
The glistering tear flows from the orphan's  
eye.  
For his dear parent in the conflict dies.

Behold the ruins of yon fallen town,  
Whose glories erst burst on th' enrap-  
tur'd sight;  
Bliss once reign'd there, and pleasure smil'd  
around—

Now all lies silent as the cheerless night.  
No busy mortals tread the once throng'd  
streets,

No longer there, is heard the voice of joy;  
The traveller there his friend no longer meets,  
And nought but desolation greets his eye.

No sound is heard, save of the restless main,  
Whose waves dash on the solitary shore,  
Save the rude blast which howls along the  
plain,  
And thro' the ruins sweeps with hollow  
roar.

The num'rous graves paint to the aching  
sight,  
The spot where once the flames of battle  
rose;

Where hostile armies mix'd in furious fight,  
Where many a warrior sleeps in death's  
repose:

Where many a father, many a brother fell,  
Slain in fierce contest on the bloody plain—  
But hold! my Muse, no longer let me dwell  
On themes of horror, misery and pain.

Oh haste kind Heav'n, the pleasing happy  
day,  
When horrid War shall cease, nor more  
destroy

The brightest prospects of life's varying way,  
Nor blacken with his storms the scenes of  
joy:

When man no more shall learn the art of war,  
When warriors shall their swords to  
ploughshares turn;

War's voice no longer thunder from afar,  
No longer cause humanity to mourn:

When man shall only learn the arts of peace,  
And mitigate the common woes of life;  
When friendship shall his pleasures all in-  
crease,  
And Peace, thrice blessed Peace, shall close  
the strife. CARLOS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### ANSWER

TO U. V.'S REBUS IN THE LAST NO.

THE nymph who on the ambient air doth move,  
Is E—cho, once the victim of her love;  
L—cander oft by night, as poets' say,  
To beauteous Hero did his visits pay;  
Not far from Troy mount I—da meets the skies,  
Where Venus' beauty gain'd the golden prize;  
The learn'd Z—enobia was compell'd to yield  
To force superior, the disputed field;  
A silken clue fair A—riadne gave,  
The man she lov'd from des'pair fate to save.

Great A—gamemnon 'gainst the Trojans fought;  
And S—appho would not live—for want of thought;  
'Twas fair H—elena caus'd the Trojan war;  
And M—inos kept of old the Minotaur;  
Her husband to survive, E—vadne scorn'd,  
And on Cyprian's funeral pile was burn'd;  
Jason the golden fleece, with Medea bore,  
In the ship A—rgo, from the Colchian shore;  
Chaste D—aphne Phœbus shun'd, and as she fled  
Her feet took root, and leaves became her head.

W. X.